GAY TABOO ROMANCE: GAY FOR MY DAD'S FRIEND PART 1

Lucas Loveless

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ONE

24 - HORNY AS hell. All. The. Time. I can't help it. I think about girls, and I get hard. I think about anything, and then I think about sex and want some. My ex-girlfriend blames it on my body. She always told me I was in too good of shape, and that's why I wanted it all the time. My body is the evil, horny culprit. Yeah, I love getting off, but there's someone new who excites me more than anything. It's someone I thought I'd never be attracted to in my life. My dad's friend.

His name is Frank. He doesn't look like he's 43, but he is - five years younger than my dad. Frank runs his own business. He's a suit wearing, white collar man, but underneath that suit he's built and stacked like a triathlon competitor. And ever since his divorce last year, he's gotten even better looking. But that's what happens to guys when they break up - my dad says - they get back to flexing and working out to get another girl. There's just one thing. I wasn't to be Frank's "next girl."

You see, I've always loved sex. But there's been something missing, something I've always been curious about. What is it like to be with another man? To get screwed by a cock? To suck one or get sucked by a hot guy's mouth. I didn't know I'd get to live out these unsatisfied fantasies, until…

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It's a Friday night, and I'm back in my hometown for summer break before I go to grad school. I'm working on an old racing car in my dad's garage while my friends are out at the bars getting hammered and trying to get laid. Me, I'm trying to stay out of trouble for once, so I lay on my back and work under the engine of an old red Camaro.

But of course, my dick starts to ache. I haven't gotten off today, so my body is hungry for some release.

I sigh. I wipe sweat from my forehead, and I try not to think about sex. But it always takes over my brain, and I start groping my junk over my jeans. In no time, I'm hard as a rock, breathing heavier and wishing there was a hot girl here to lay my pipe into. Or a hot guy…

"Looks like you're not getting a lot of work done," says a familiar voice.

I jolt and hit my head on the front axle of the car. "Shit!"

The voice laughs, and then I recognize it. It's Frank.

I scoot out from under the Camaro. "Frank?"

He stands at the edge of the garage. He wears his work suit, and he stands with his hands on his hips.

I'm red with embarrassment. "Hey, Frank. Eh, how long were you standing there?"

A sly grin comes across his face. "Long enough to see you playing with your tool, Daryl. And I don't mean that wrench, either."

I laugh and hang my head. I wipe some sweat from my face and lean on my knees. "Hey man, I didn't think anyone was here."

He walks into the garage. "It's all good, kid. I'm just messing with you. What are you doing in here, anyway? It's Friday. You're young. You should be out partying and chasing girls."

I stand up and wipe my hands on my jeans. "I don't know, Frank. I think I've been doing that too much lately. Gonna try and stay busy for now. You know, keep my hands working so I stay out of trouble."

He nods. "Good idea. You gonna keep your hands on cars or on your pecker?"

We both laugh.

"Hey, man," I tell him. "Don't act like you've never stroked it when you thought no one was around."

He shrugs. "Eh, of course I have." He looks around, checking to see if anyone is coming towards the garage. "Sometimes, I stroke it even when there *are* other people around."

I laugh and throw my sweat rag at him. "Get outta here."

He catches the rag. He lays it on the hood of the Camaro, and I start to realize he's not kidding. "I'm serious, kid. Sometimes, a man's gotta do what he's gotta do, you know?" He eyes me, and his lips curl into a smirk.

It's weird at first, but I start to feel aroused again. My eyes start to roam over his body, wondering what his prick looks like. "You mean you've jerked off, in front of people before?"

"Just a few buddies." He shrugs. "It's not a big deal."

I lick my lips. My cock is hard in my jeans. I'm ready to whip it out. "So, you wouldn't care if I just, started stroking my dick, right here in front of you?"

He nods. "As long as you don't mind me stroking mine."

We stare at each other.

I notice the shape of his dick under his slacks. It's long and thick. I've never thought of another guy's dick as good looking before, but Frank's cock is GREAT looking.

He puts his hand over his cock and pets it. "I'm feeling pretty horny myself, Daryl. Wanna see?"

I hesitate, but I nod. "Yeah."

He's about to unzip his fly, when my dad's voice sounds from the house. "Frank, is that you?"

"Shit," I mutter.

Frank yanks his hand away from his dick.

My dad comes into the garage. He's not like Frank. My dad has a beer gut and a bald head. He spits tobacco and slaps Frank on the back. "What are you doing in here, you son of a bitch? Thought you were joining me and the guys for poker."

"Poker?" I ask. I stay behind the Camaro to hide my erection.

Frank keeps his back to my dad to hide his hard on. "Yeah, man. I'll be inside in a bit. I was just asking Daryl how he's been."

My dad waves his head. "Alright, well I gotta get, anyway. I'm making a beer run for the boys tonight. Be back in twenty." He leaves in his truck.

Frank and I stand quietly.

"So," I say, "poker night? There aren't any other guys here. It's just me and my dad."

"Yep. Guess I'm the first one over then."

I'm still hard and hungry for an orgasm. "My dad said he'd be gone for twenty minutes. If you still wanna..."

Frank grins. "Fuck yes." He walks around the Camaro and stands near me. "Come on, kid. Let's see what you're packing."

I unzip my jeans. I pull them down, and my hard, hairy manhood springs forth like a rocket, curving a little upward.

Frank smiles. "Nice." He unzips his fly. He digs his hand into his slacks and pulls out his long, thick dick. It points out straight.

"Damn," I whisper. "I bet that thing comes like crazy."

Frank leans against the Camaro. "You got no idea, kid."

We lean next to one another and stroke our cocks, slow and steady. Then we stroke them faster, harder.

"That's hot," Frank pants. "Watching you jerk it."

We spit into our palms and polish our shafts.

I breathed heavy. I started to pant. Watching Frank's dick has me revved like a racing Camaro. "Man, I wanna come."

"Me too."

I grab the rag off the hood of the Camaro. "Here, we can shoot on this."

He nods. "You first."

I stroke my aching cock, faster and harder. I bite my lip and try not to moan too loud as my dick begins to pulse. "Fuck!" I hold the rag as still I can, aiming my cock and firing come all over the rag, too much. It starts to drip on the floor.

"Nice," Frank says. "Hold it for me. I'm about to blow."

I hold the rag in front of his cock. "Alright, man. Shoot."

"No. I got that." He takes the rag from me. He lets go of his cock. "Hold my dick for me, kid."

I catch his eyes. He's serious.

"Are you sure?" I ask.

He nods and breathes heavy. "Jerk me off, kid. Make me come."

I slowly take a hold of his shaft. It's thick. I can hardly wrap my fingers around it. I feel it pulse in my hand as I jerk him.

Harder, faster. He throws his head back. He forgets about the rag completely, and his cock sprays all over the garage floor like a geyser.

"Holy shit." I gawk at the bucket loads of come he shoots. It's hot as hell.

We grin at one another.

"I needed that," he tells me.

"Me, too."

Satisfied for now, we zip up.

He takes the rag and wipes his juice off the garage floor. "You'll have to come over to my place sometime and hang out."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all." He smiles and hands me the rag. "I have a few dirty videos we can watch if you wanna."

My cock is already twitching again. "Hell yeah."

TWO

Frank plays poker that night with my dad and some of their buddies.

When I walk through the smoky kitchen, I catch Frank's eye and we nod to one another. It's fun, dirty fun, having a dirty secret with this guy that none of the other men know about.

"Boy, Daryl, you look like you rolled around in the dirt," my dad comments.

I grab a beer from the fridge and pop it open. It's cold in my throat. "Yeah, I know. Working on the old Camaro does that." I look at Frank. "I'm gonna have to go take a long, hot shower."

Frank licks his lips. No one else notices the hunger flashing in his eyes.

I wink at him and leave the kitchen. Just as I do, I hear Frank.

"You know what guys," he says, "I think I'm gonna sit out a few rounds."

I smile wide, knowing I'm gonna get some more of my dad's hot friend.

In the bathroom, I strip fast and hop in the steamy shower. As I rinse soap over my muscles, I notice the door open.

Frank pulls back the shower curtain. "Looks like you forgot to lock the door."

"Yeah, looks like I did."

His eyes feast on my body. It makes me hard as a rock again.

He rolls up his sleeves. "Looks like you could use another hand, Daryl."

"Hell yeah." I grab his arm and pull it to me.

His hand lands on my sack. He cups my balls and rubs them. It makes me take in a sharp breath. My cock twitches, aching to blow again.

"I need you to help me come again," I tell him.

He smiles. "Sure thing, kid." His other hand wraps around my swollen shaft. He strokes me nice and slow. He has me trembling.

"Ever had head?" he asks.

I laugh. "Of course. Lots of girls have sucked me."

"From a guy?"

I freeze. My cock pulses in his hand. "No..."

He licks his lips. He gets on his knees, just outside the shower.

I lean forward.

"You have to come fast, got it?"

I nod. "I will."

A last look, and then he opens his mouth and engulfs my rod. His mouth is hot and wet. It feels like velvet on my dick as he sucks me. At the same time he strokes my wet shaft and plays with my swollen, aching nuts.

I hold onto the shower rod. "Fuck... oh fuck!"

He doesn't slow down or stop. He's determined to make me come. And he does it. Five more strokes, and I blast my seed into his hot mouth. It feels so good, pulsing and aching across his tongue.

He sucks off the come and licks up my shaft to finish me off. He stands and wipes his mouth. "Mmm, tastes good, kid."

I sigh with pleasure. "That was amazing."

He winks at me. "I know, and now you owe me one." He smiles at me as he walks out of the bathroom.

I stand under the hot water. I owe him some head now? No problem!

THREE

THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY NIGHT, I play pool at the local dive bar with a few friends. The boys are already drunk off cheap beer and talking about which girls they want to try and hook up with.

"Daryl, what do you think of Tianna's ass? Looks good, huh?"

I look at Tianna for a moment. "Yeah, looks good."

Tianna sneers at me. She's mad because we've already hooked up and I never texted her the next day, or week... or ever again.

Sure, the local girls look good. But I can't help but think about Frank and his thick cock. Damn it, I want to grab it again and stroke him off. Hell, I want to put that piece in my mouth and take his load for him.

One of my friends, Benji, punches my arm. "Dude, which girl is giving you that boner?"

Benji nudges me, and when I look down I notice the bulge growing in my jeans. "Shit," I mutter.

He laughs. Benji always has a good sense of humor, real laid back. "Or maybe you're thinking about one of those guys over there."

We look at a couple of old timers at the bar. These men look about a hundred each, smoking cigarettes and drinking whiskey.

I punch Benji's arm. "Shut up, man."

We laugh about it, and for the first time I notice Benji's mouth. It's... cute. Holy fuck, now I'm checking out my own friend's mouth?

Benji is a good looking guy, though. He's a year older than me, a buff dude with arms like tree trunks and legs that could break a steel pole of he squeezed his thighs hard enough. He used to be a wrestler back in high school, and he's only gained muscle since. And his mouth, his lips look soft. I start to wonder what it would feel like to get head from him.

Benji cocks his head. "Dude, what are you staring at? Are you falling in love with me or something?"

I shove him again. "Shut up, man. Let's play some pool."

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Tuesday morning - I go out running. The neighborhood is quiet today. It's already hot, and the sun isn't all out yet.

I go a mile. When I stop for a breath, I think about sex. I'm shirtless, a heap of sweating muscles, testosterone, and I need some morning release like I usually do.

"Frank lives around here," I mutter.

I turn my head left. Frank lives down at the end of the block, and I see him outside.

I've got two choices: keep running, or go to Frank's and satisfy this new and constant urge for man-on-man orgasm. I make my choice. I head towards Frank's.